CLIMATE IS IDEAL

GREAT WEALTH ACQUIRED IN GROWING GRAIN.

Writing from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, W. H. Ellwanger, who was formerly a resident of Green Mountain, lowa, says: "The climate in summer is ideal for growing grain. Long, clear days of sunshine, no bad storms. We never need to guard against cyclones; I never saw a better climate in my life. We made more money during the season of 1906 than any previous five years in central one of the best districts in the state." But Mr. Ellwanger was a resident of the town, and it might be more interesting to read what a farmer has to say about Western Canada. From hundreds of letters all filled with words of praise, recounting success in Western Canada there has been one selected. It is as follows:

Paynton, Sask., Canada, Dec. 10th, 1907.

To Whom This May Concern: I moved to this address February 5 1907, from Montgomery, lowa, and took a homestead 35 miles north of Paynton. It was cold when I moved here but it did not stay cold long; it broke up the 8th of February, and was not so cold after that but the spring was late on account of the heavy snow fall, but in spite of the late spring I saw better grain than I ever saw in the states, raised this year. I helped a man finish sowing oats the 4th of July and they made fair oats. In a good year oats will go 100 bushels to the acre and wheat 25 to 50; all root crops do well here. I saw turnips weigh 7 and 8 pounds, I raised potatoes this year that measured 111/2 inches one way and 1814 the other in circumference. This is a fine stock country; hay in abundance, good water, plenty of fuel, free and plenty of building material—the government gives us timber to saw into lumber and we can get it sawed for about \$6.00 per thousand. All small fruit grows wild here, then there are ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, deer, moose, elk and fish in abundance. I was over to Turtle Lake yesterday where there is lots of fishing being done this winter. I saw about a carload of white fish in one pile. I gave 25 cents for 86 pounds of fish. What do you think of that, Brother Yankee? I think this is a fine place both to make money and to live. There was an old man up here visiting his brother-in-law. Now this man owns land close to Des Moines, Iowa, and is in good circumstances, but he took a homestead and says he will be contented if he can only put in the rest of his days in Canada. He would get up in the mornand look out of the door and say: "Well, who wouldn't live in Canada?" Now I have been in 13 different states in the United States, and I never saw the chance that there is here for a man that has a little muscle and a little brains. Three cheers for Cana-(Signed.)

W. A. SPICE." This is the temperature through November. I took it myself so I know it is right, in the shade:

Date	Morning at Eurrise	At Bunnet	Date	Morning at Sunrise	Humest
1	27	37	16	28	35
	36	40	17	12	20
3	26	37	18	12	20 29
4	29	34	19	20	33
5	27	36	20	12	24
2 3 4 5 6 7 8	30	38	21	18	27
7	12	30	22	16	28
8	28	34	23	15	27
9	17	16	24	18	22
10	2	13	25	8	20
11	5	26	26	32	28
12	28	20	27	20	16
13	7	11	28	8	14
14	21	18	29	18	20
15	20	31	30	18	20 27

Absence of Mind.

Exhausted by the labor of carrying the furniture out of the building, the man whose dwelling was ablaze from cellar to garret mechanically rolled a eigaroot and turned to one of the fire-

"Have you got a match?" he panted. "A match?" growled the fireman. "If you want to light that thing go and touch it to your house!"

Your Very Own.

There's one thing that seems to me When the state of a bank becomes runny,

You're supposed to go back And sit down. It's a fact

They get mad if you ask for your money

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of higs and Livir of Somme, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get us beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup Figs Llixir Senna CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth infantry from Fort Bethune trapped by Indians in a marrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces hitmself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis the post trader, and his daughter. Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh cavairy, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencaid, Mrs. Paffy, proprietress. Hampton taiks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Nathathe Kid.—tuns away from Mrs. Herndon. Nathathe Kid.—tuns away from Mrs. Herndon for booked, and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencaid. Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glencaid to feach its first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoopete. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut, Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the ceming Bachelor club ball in homor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Slent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among the Sloux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club's ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meet shall a mong the admirers of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is day before. She tells him of Naidu, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the baltroom with a fan for Miss Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to meet Hampton. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton forms the lieutenant that his attentions to Naida must cease, and proclaims an authority over her that justifies the statement. Brant tells Hampton of the presence of Silent Murphy, and of the fact that Red Siavin receives government messages for him. Miss Spencer called on Bob Hampton. Tells him of a red-faced stranger mistaking her for Naidu. Brant interviews Red Siavin. Finds that he is an extrooper in the Seventh cavalry. It was Siavin's and Murphy's testimony that more than ten years before had convicted Robert Nolan, then a sapinin in the Seventh, of the murder of Maj. Brant, Sr. Hampton attempts to for e a confession from Siavin. Slavin insists it is Murphy he wants, and Murphy had left. In a scuffle Siavin is killed by a knife thrust. Hampton surrenders to Buck Mason, marshal. Mob attempts to capture him. Mason and his prisoner escape to a hill and defend themselves. Mob lights fire to burn them out. Brant tells Naida that he loves her. She tells him there is an insurmountable barrier between them, but that she does not fully understand it, Brant and his troop rescues Hampton and Mason from the fires set by the mob. Brant carries the unconscious gambler through the lines of fire. Hampton is ordered to take the field. Before be goes Naida tells him she loves him, but cannot become his wife, or offer an explanation. He insists he will return to heart and hand of Rev. Wynkoop. Brant is ordered to take the field. Before be goes Naida tells him she loves him, but cannot become his wife, or offer an explanation. He insists he will return to heart and hand of Rev. Wynkoop. Brant is ordered to take the field. Before begoe of the Indian country. Murphy practically confesses to the killing of Maj. Brant for which Capt. Nolan wa

CHAPTER XXX,-Continued.

At dawn they were in a narroy gorge among the hills, a dark and gloomy hole, yet a peculiarly safe spot in which to hide, having steep, rocky ledges on either side, with sufficient grass for the horses. Leaving Murphy bound, Hampton clambered up the front of the rock to where he was able to look out. All was stient and his heart sank as he surveyed the brown sterile hills stretching to the horizon, having merely narrow gulches of rock and sand between, the sheer nakedness of the picture unrelieved by green shrub or any living thing. Then, almost despairing, he slid back, stretched himself out amid the soft grass, and sank into the slumber of exhaustion, his conscious memory the incoherent babbling of his insane companion.

He awoke shortly after noon, feeling refreshed and renewed in both body and mind. Murphy was sleeping when he first turned to look at him, but he awoke in season to be fed, and accepted the proffered food with all the of astonishment. It was a pathetic apparent delight of a child. While he spectacle he stared at-a horse scarcerested, their remaining pack-animal ly able to stagger forward; on his back, had strayed, and Hampton was compelled to go on with only the two horses, strapping the depleted store of provisions behind his own saddle, a misshapen creature clothed as a Then he carefully hoisted Murphy into place and bound his feet beneath the animal's belly.

It was already becoming dusk when they swept down into a little nest of green trees and grass. It appeared so suddenly and was such an unexpected oasis amid that surrounding wilderness, that Hampton gave vent to a sudden exclamation of delight. But that was all. Instantly he perceived numerous dark forms leaping from out the shrubbery, and he wheeled his horses to the left, lashing them into a rapid run. It was all over in a moment-a sputtering of rifles, a wild medley of cries, a glimpse of savage figures, and the two were tearing down the rocks, the din of pursuit away behind them. The band were dashed into it a liberal supply of evidently all on foot, yet Hampton con- brandy from a pocket-flask. "Drink tinued to press his mount at a swift | that all down, Hampton." pace, taking turn after turn about the sharp hills, confident that the hard was ordered, his hand never relaxing earth would leave no trace of their its grasp of the rein. Then a gleam

passage. Then suddenly the horse he rode in his eyes; he glanced up into the sank like a log, but his tight grip upon | leering countenance of Murphy, and the rein of the other landed him on his feet. A stray Sloux bullet had found its mark, but the gallant animal had struggled on until it dropped life | noting as he did so the strange stead; | victed of the murder of Maj. Brant.

less; and the brave man it had borne stroked tenderly the unconscious is somewhere among those ridges head. Then he shifted the provisions to the back of the other horse, grasped the loose rein once more in his left hand, and started forward on foot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

N troop, guarding, much to their emphatically expressed disgust, the more slowly moving pack-train, were followsaddles, their faces browned by the on. You need rest." hot winds of the plains, were riding mounted upon a rangy chestnut, Brant kept his watchful eyes on those scattered flankers dotting the summit of ascent.

"What is it, now, Lane?" "Somethin' movin' out yonder, sir," agin in a minute. I got sight of 'em patch-bag. "I've earned the right."

The officer gazed earnestly in the ground of sky.

"Come with me."

On the Little Big Horn.

twice afore I waved."

direction indicated, and was almost more, if you're able to make the trip, immediately rewarded by the glimpse | there is no one here who will attempt of some indistinct, dark figures dimly to stop you. But now tell me how this showing against the lighter back-"White men," he announced, short-

At a brisk trot they rode out, the by videttes, his hands leaning heavily

"That Man Could Tell, But He Has Gone Mad."

trooper lagging a pace to the rear, the upon the saddle pommel. Perhaps be

watchful eyes of both men sweeping did not remember clearly; possibly he

suspiciously across the prairie. The could not instantly decide just how

pected this last to be his difficulty

"Hampton, there has been trouble

and misunderstanding between us, but

that's all past and gone now. I sin

cerely believe in your purpose of

right, and I ask you to trust me

Either of us would give his life if need

were, to be of real service to a little

girl back, yonder in the hills. I don't

me regarding this matter, I'll treat it

confidentially. This trip with Murphy

The thoughtful gray eyes looked at

Just as unwaveringly the blue eyes

returned the look. "I do. I have

"She said no; that a dead man was

The younger man bent his head, his

Hampton wet his dry lips with his

"And in that she was right," he

ground. "I will tell you why. It was

face grave and perplexed. "Practical-

has some bearing upon Naida Gillis

"Will you tell me the story?"

asked her to become my wife."

"Is that all you know?"

tongue, his breath quickening.

two parties met suddenly upon the much of that story to tell. Brant sus-

barely holding together, a man of know what you are to her; I don't

slender figure and sunburnt face held ask. I know she has every confidence

at each other, the young officer's eyes want to do what is right with both of

filled with sympathetic horror, the you, and if you have a word to say to

has it not?"

between us."

ly all.

you love that girl?"

"And her answer?"

Yes.

the bridle-rein. An instant they gazed in you, and that is enough. Now,

drew in his horse with an exclamation and he spoke impulsively.

summit of a sharp ridge and Brant

with feet strapped securely beneath

and hands bound to the high pommel,

the lips grinning ferociously, perched

man. Beside these, hatless, his shoes

other staring apathetically at his res-

"My God! Can this be you, Hamp-

ton? What does it mean? Why are

Hampton, leaning against the trem-

bling horse to keep erect, slowly lifted

his hand in a semblance of military

salute. "Dispatches from Cheyenne.

This is Murphy-went crazy out you

Brant. "Now hold this cup," and he

The man did mechanically as he

of reawakened intelligence appeared

then back at those others. "Give me

Brant handed to him the filled cup,

another for him."

"Your canteen, Lane!" exclaimed

der. For God's sake-water, food!"

cuer.

you here?"

ness of the hand which accepted it. Hampton lifted the tin to the figure in the saddle. "Drink it," he commanded, curtly,

every drop! For an instant the maniac glared back at him sullenly; then he appeared to shrink in terror, and drank

"We can make the rest of the way now," Hampton announced, quietly. "Lord, but this has been a trip!"

Lane dismounted at Brant's order the valley.

"Is Custer here?" said Hampton. ers are ahead, and Custer, with five back of the bluff."

The man turned and looked where the officer pointed, shading his eyes by entangled with you. Maybe I ought tion, the change will not take place. with his hand.

"Can you give me a fresh horse, a I started on this trip. I've since absolute and final one, bite to eat, and a cup of coffee, down | wished I had, but you see, I never see I've got to go on."

"Go on? Good God! man, do you realize what you are saying? Why, ing Custer's advancing column of you can hardly sit the saddle! You horsemen down the right bank of the carry dispatches, you say? Well, Little Big Horn. The troopers, car- there are plenty of good men in my bines at knee, sitting erect in their troop who will volunteer to take them

"Not much," said Hampton. "I'm steadily northward. Beside them, fit enough, or shall be as soon as I get food. Good Lord, boy, I am not done up yet, by a long way! It's the cursed the near-by bluff. Suddenly one of hand toward the horizon, "and the fight between us ever since. I'll be all right now if you lads will only look girl. You will do that, won't you?" and the trooper pointed into the south- after him. This is going to reach Cuseast, "They're down in a coulee now, ter, and I'll take it!" He flung back reckon; but will be up on a ridge his ragged coat, his hand on the dis-

Brant reached forth his hand cordially. "That's true; you have. What's | jacket, thing happened. I want to know the story before we get in."

For a moment Hampton remained silent, his thoughtful gaze on the near-

"Oh, my father? Is she Capt. Nolan's daughter? But you say 'convicted." Was there ever any doubt? Do you question his being guilty?"

Hampton pointed in silence to the hideous creature behind them. "That man could tell, but he has gone mad." Brant endeavored to speak, but the words would not come; his brain seemed paralyzed. Hampton held himself under better control.

"I have confidence, Lieut. Brant, in your honesty," he began, gravely, "and and assisted Hampton to climb into I believe you will strive to do whatthe vacated saddle. Then the trooper | ever is best for her, if anything should grasped the rein of Murphy's horse, | happen to me out yonder. But for the and the little party started toward possibility of my being knocked out I where the pack-train was hidden in wouldn't talk about this, not even to you. The affair is a long way from being straightened out so as to make "No; that is, not with my party. We a pleasant story, but I'll give you all are guarding the pack-train. The oth- you actually require to know in order to make it clear to her, provided I such as is produced by a blow-pipe, so long and so well bent down and troops, has moved to the right. He shouldn't come back. You see, she pure White Lead will resolve itself back doesn't know very much more than into metallic lead. If, however, it is you do-only what I was obliged to not genuine White Lead, or if it contell to keep her from getting too close- tains the slightest trace of adultera-

the nerve. have to carry these dispatches Boy Painter" trade-mark will always through. I have a pride in giving prove absolutely pure under the "blowthem to Custer myself, because of the pipe" or any other test. To make it trouble I've had in getting them here. But perhaps I may not come back, and in that case there wouldn't be quest a blow-pipe and everything necanyone living to tell her the truth. It essary for you to make the test, toseems to me that there is going to be gether with a valuable booklet on a big fight somewhere in these hills paint. Address, National Lead Comloneliness out yonder," he swept his before long. So I want to leave these pany, Woodbridge Building, New York private papers with you until I come these waved his hand eagerly, and the having to care for him that has broken back. It will relieve my mind to know lieutenant went dashing up the sharp my heart. He went that way clear they are safe; if I don't come, then I back on the Powder, and it's been a want you to open them and do whatever you decide is best for the little

> He handed over a long manila envelope securely sealed, and the youngor man accepted it, noticing that it was unaddressed before depositing it safely in an inner pocket of his fatigue

"Certainly, Hampton," he said. "Is that all ""

"All except what I am going to tell you now regarding Murphy. There is no use my attempting to explain exactly how I chanced to find out all these things, for they came to me little by little during several years. I knew Nolan, and I knew your father, and I had reason to doubt the guilt of the captain, in spite of the verdict of the jury that condemned him. In fact, I knew at the time, although it was not in my power to prove it, that the two principal witnesses against Nolan lied. I thought I could guess why, but we drifted apart, and finally I lost all track of every one connected with the affair. Then I happened to pick up that girl down in the canyon beyond the Bear Water, and pulled her out alive just because she chanced to be of that sex, and I couldn't stand to see her fall into Indian clutches. I didn't feel any special interest in her at the time, supposing she belonged to Old Gillis, but she somehow grew on me -she's that kind, you know; and when I discovered, purely by accident, that she was Capt. Nolan's girl, but that it all had been kept from her, I just naturally made up my mind I'd dig out the truth if I possibly could, for her sake. The fact is, I began to think a lot about her-not the way you do, you understand; I'm getting too old for that, and have known too much about women,-but maybe some what as a father might feel. Anyhow, I wanted to give her a chance, a square deal, so that she wouldn't be ashamed of her own name if ever she found out what it was. "About that time I fell foul of Mur-

phy and Slavin there in Glencaid. I never got my eyes on Murphy, you know, and Slavin was so changed by that big red beard that I failed to recognize him. But their actions aroused my suspicions, and I went after them good and hard. I wanted to find out what they knew, and why those lies were told on Nolan at the trial. I had an idea they could tell me. So, for a starter I tackled Slavin, supposing we were alone, and I was pumping the facts out of him successfully by holding a gun under his nose, and occa sionally jogging his memory, when this fellow Murphy got excited, and chasseed into the game, but happened to nip his partner instead of me. In the course of our little scuffle I chanced to catch a glimpse of the fellow's right hand, and it had a scar on the back of it that looked mighty familiar. I had seen it before, and wanted to see it again. So, when got out of that scrape, and the doctor had dug a stray bullet out of my anatomy, there didn't seem to be any one left for me to chase excepting Murphy, for Slavin was dead. I wasn't exactly sure he was the owner of that scar, but I had my suspicions and wanted to verify them. Having struck his trail, I reached Cheyenne just about four hours after he left there with these dispatches for the Big Horn. I caught up with the fellow on the south bank of the Belle Fourche, and him long and searchingly. "Brant, do being well aware that no threat or gun play would ever force him to confess the truth, I undertook to frighten him by trickery. I brought along some drawing-paper and drew your fa ther's picture in phosphorus and gave him the benefit in the dark. That caught Murphy all right, and everything was coming my way. He threw up his hands and even agreed to come in here with me and tell the whole story, but the poor fellow's brain couldn't stand the strain of the scare I had given him. He went raving mad on the Powder; he jumped on me said at last, his eyes lowered to the while I was asleep, and since then every mile has been a little hell. the father of Naida Gillis who was con- That's the whole of it to date.' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW TO KNOW PURE PAINT. A Way in Which It May Be Identified

Before Using.

After a building has been painted long enough for a weather test, it is easy to tell if the paint used was made of pure White Lead or not. But such belated knowledge comes like locking the barn after the colt is stolen.

What one wants is a test that will tell the quality of the paint before it and the labor of putting it on are paid for.

Nature has provided a way in which genuine White Lead may be positively distinguished from adulterated or fake White Lead before you spend a cent on your painting.

Pure White Lead is made from metallic lead, and, under intense heat, to have given her the full story before Therefore the "blow-pipe" test is an

The National Lead Company are there?" he asked, anxiously. "You dreamed it was going to end here, on urging everyone interested in painting the Big Horn; besides, I didn't have to make this test of paint before using ft, and they guarantee that the pure "You see, Brant, I feel that I simply White Lead sold under their "Dutch easy for you to perform the experiment they will send you free upon re-City.

Good Eye, Cuchuillin!

Who can set bounds to the soaring fmagination of the Celt? An enthusiastic New Yorker recently watching a game of hurling-which resembles lacrosse-between stalwart teams, was moved to ask President Conway of the Irish Athletic association how far a good man could drive the ball,

"Well, I'll tell you," responded Mr. Conway, with a twinkle in his eye that contradicted his serious speech. "in the good old days when Cuchuillin was champion of Ireland, the king and all the nobility were assembled at the great games of Talltin. Cuchuillin struck up a hurley ball into the sky, and then walked off to his pavilion and took a drink of notheen, and strolled back to the spot in good time to catch the ball on his hurley."-Harper's Weekly.

A New Woman's Marriage. Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the English novel-

ist, who attempts, in her little books, to shock in the French manner, derided the "new woman" at a dinner in New York. These new women, with their

clubs and their flerce chins," she said, make me think of a conversation I heard once at a dance. "So your sister, the senior wrang-

ler,' one girl said to another, 'is very happily married, I hear?" "Indeed she is,' the other girl an-

swered. 'She is most happily married. Her husband daren't open his mouth in her presence.

Result of Business Growth.

Recently a livery firm in a southern town built a one-story frame addition to its stable for the accommodation of es etc lerry the night watch man, whose long service has convinced him that he is part proprietor of the concern was overheard explaining the matter to a couple of inmates in this wise:

"Yes, our business done concreased so dat we's been obliged to build dis hyar substantial in de reah!"

Out to Be Some Special Place. On the way across the Styx a dispute as to precedence arose.

"I used to put pig iron into life preservers," declared one shade. "I made rotten fire hose," said the

"Dump 'em both overboard, Charon," yelled Satan. "I don't want 'em."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

MUSIC STUDENTS

Should Have Steady Nerves.

The pervous system of the musician is often very sensitive and any habit like coffee drinking may so upset the nerves as to make regular and necessary daily practise next to impossible. "I practise from seven to eight hours

a day and study Harmony two hours," writes a Mich. music student. "Last September I was so nervous I could only practise a few minutes at a time, and mother said I would have to drop my music for a year.

"This was terribly discouraging as I couldn't bear the thought of losing a whole year of study. Becoming convinced that my nervousness was caused largely by coffee, and seeing Postum so highly spoken of, I decided I would test it for a while.

"Mother followed the directions carefully and I thought I had never tasted such a delicious drink. drank Postum every morning instead of coffee, and by November I felt more like myself than for years, and was ready to resume my music.

"I now practise as usual, do my studying and when my day's work is finished I am not any more nervous than when I began.

"I cannot too highly recommend Postum to musicians who practise half a day. My father is a physician and recommends Postum to his patients. Words cannot express my appreciation for this most valuable health beverage, and experience has proven its superiority over all others." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS

POULTRY RAISERS

OULTRY HAISERS

Ouestion:—"What can be done to prevent soft shelled eggs?"—J. B. C., Me.

Reply:—Soft shelled eggs are usually caused by wrong care or improper feed.
Feed the hens pienty of clover and green bone and to the evening ration add a small quantity of Pratts Poultry Regulator. This ration will supply material for growth, as well as eggs, and you may be sure of a fairly good output.

GOING INTO THE BUSINESS

Question:—"I intend to go into chicken raising and would ask if you would advise me to start with pure blooded stock or would common stock do?"—B. Y., Ala.

Reply:—By all means avoid the common "scrub" stock. You will have trouble if you start with common stock.

trouble if you start with common stock.

A BOOK ON POULTRY

Question:—"Where can I obtain a cheap
book containing full information regarding chickens?"—J. R. D., Mass.

Reply:—Many books have been written
on this subject—some of them quite expensive. There is, however, a new book
just out relating to poultry, which usually
sells for 25 cents, but we understand that
by writing the publishers, the Pratt Food sells for 25 cents, but we understand that by writing the publishers, the Pratt Food Co., Philadelphia, and naming this paper, a copy will be mailed free. We have seen this book and it thoroughly covers the subject in a practical way.

Overtion: "What makes a hen's comb Question:—"What makes a hen's comb turn purple?"—E. M. R., Wash. Reply:—This is probably due to indi-gestion. We had a hen troubled this way last summer and gave her Pratts Poultry Regulator. Within a week she was lay-

ing again and was all right. SCALY LEG
Ouestion :- "I have a rooster with scaly Question:—"I have a rooster with scaly leg. Please let me know if coal oil and lard will remove the scales."—A. C. R., Ind. Reply:—Coal oil and lard treatment may help, but we know from experience that Pratts Head Lice Ointment, if used regularly, will quickly soften up the scales so that they will drop off and at the same time kill the little insect which lives underneath the scales.

lives underneath the scales.

lives underneath the scales.

CARE OF CHICKENS

Question:—"Please tell me how to get the best results from my chickens. I have 65 hens of different ages. How should I feed them?"—Mrs. R. T. L., S. D. Reply:—Provide a house with warm roosting room about 12 x 20 feet. Arrange so that after they go to roest a thin muslin curtain can be dropped down in front to keep out the cold. Feed two parts corn and one part each barley, outs and wheat, to which should be added five tablespoonfuls Pratts Poultry Regulator. Give fresh, clean water regularly and feed fresh meat twice weekly if possible.

"Fifteen-two and a pair makes four." said Subbubs, who was playing cribbage with Popley. "What have you in your crib?" "Ah!" replied Popley, absent-mind-

edly, "just the sweetest little ootsumstootsums girl in the world."

Our Hair Food absolutely restores gray hair to its natural (original) color, whether brown, blond, red or black, from the same bottle, without dyeing it. We want to hear from the sceptical Dwight T. Sprague & Co., Chicago.

And He Knew.

Little Sister-What is the difference between a felt slipper and any other kind?

Little Brother (speaking from experience)-A felt slipper is felt less than a slipper that isn't felt. See?

Public Land Opening.

Irrigated under "Carey Act." Low cost; essy payments. Write for date of drawing and fall information, Irrigation Department, 400 Home Ins. Bidg., Chicago. Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one

guards virtue, the other betrays. it .-Fenelon. PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 "

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to a sky ches of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protroong Plies in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. Soc.

Men make houses, but women make homes.-Danish.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That Is LAXATIVE BROMO OF NINE. Lock for the signature of H. W. GROVE Used the World wer to Cure a Cold in One Day. Lo.

A wife is either the making of man or the unmaking of him.



Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervous-ness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since tak-ing it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bear-ing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-tion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. the has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.